In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,
And rotten times that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my auncestors:
For when his head-strong riot hath no curbe,
When rage and hot bloud are his counsellors,
When meanes and lauish manners meete together,
Oh with what wings shal his affections flie,
Towards fronting peril and oppose decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
Tis needfull that the most immodest word,
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
Your highnesse knowes comes to no further vse,
But to be knowne and hated: so, like grosse termes,
The prince will in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern, or a measure liue,
By which his grace must mete the liues of other,
Turning past-euils to aduantages.

King Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
In the dead carion: who's here, Westmerland?

Enter Westmerland.

West. Health to my soueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that that I am to deliuer,
Prince Iohn your sonne doth kisse your graces hand.
Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and al,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebels sword vnsheathd,
But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where,
The manner how this action hath bin borne,
Here at more leisure may your highnesse reade,
With euery course in his particular.

King O Westmerland, thou art a summer bird,
Which euer in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting vp of day: looke heres more newes. *enter Harcor. Harc.*

Harc. From enemies, heauens keep your maiesty,
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of:
The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the shrieue of Yorkshire ouerthrowne,
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, containes at large,

Ki. And wherfore should these good news make me sicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But wet her faire words stil in foulest termes?
She either giues a stomach, and no foode,
Such are the poore in health: or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, such are the rich
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not:
I should reioyce now at this happy newes,
And now my sight failes, and my braine is giddy,
O me, come neare me, now I am much ill.

Hum. Comfort your maiesty.

Clar. O my royall father!

West. My soueraigne Lord, cheere vp your selfe, look vp.

War. Be patient princes, you do know these fits
Are with his highnesse very ordinary.
Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel straight be wel,

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs,
Th'incessant care and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the Mure that should confine it in,
So thin that life lookes through,

Hum. The people feare me, for they do obserue
Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,
The seasons change their manners, as the yeere
Had found some moneths a sleepe, and leapt them ouer.

Clar. The riuer hath thrice flowed, no ebbe between,
And the old folk, (Times doting chronicles,)
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire Edward, sickt and died.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 2* (STC 2228a) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.12) Octavo